You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
Edw. Away, and beare her hence.
Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Queene. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou yſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.
Edw. Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.
Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*
Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?
Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?
Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde. *Hen.*

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall buſh,
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?
That taught his ſonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore ſonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our courſe,
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſunne that ſearde his wings,
And thou the enuieſt gulfe that ſwallowed him.
Oh better can my breaſt abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragicke hiſtory.
Glo. Why doſt thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for his preſumption.
Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonne of mine,
And thus I propheſie of thee.
That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water ſtanding eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curſe the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle ſhrikt at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The night Crow cride, aboding luckleſſe tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempeſts ſhooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in diſmall diſcord ſung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigeſt created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of ſuch a goodly tree,
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt borne,
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the world,
And if the reſt be true that I haue heard,